

WELCOMBE, STRATFORD ON-AVON,
May 13,
1915.

This morning I read the sentence in which you set forth the *moral* side of the Munitions of War question—whether they were to be employed for the rescue of Belgium, or for her continued enslavement. The reading of it kindled into a flame the smoldering consciousness which always underlies my feelings—the consciousness that there is a man in the world who is never wanting in chivalry, humanity, and the dictates of high national duty. You know that you are my hero, and always will be; and there is no need to enlarge on that topic. "When Senator Lodge was with me at Wallington in the summer we had some comfortable talk about the sentiments towards you which we possess in common. I would pray "God bless you" in your great objects; but that word is of ill omen to me. "We had a noble battalion of regular infantry quartered at Stratford on Avon, to be "acclimatized" from India. In the course of six or seven weeks I became entirely at home with them, officers and men alike; and then they all marched off to the war past our front gate, along the Warwick road, with their baggage and Maxim guns, bidding me good-by with jolly cries and assurances all down the long column. I bade the Colonel—a grand soldier—"God bless you" at the head of his regiment. Then the news came. At the landing in the Dardanelles the Colonel, the senior Major, and the Brigadier General were killed at once; and almost every marked young fellow in that mess has gone to join

them. I now
know what the feelings of a stay at home citizen
of seventy-
six years of age must have been when your
young men went
to battle in 1861-5.

The correspondence had now entered the
period of the
European war and the letters took on a new
interest. Re-
plying to Trevelyan's letter of May 13,
Eoosevelt wrote
on May 29, 1915:

"Your letter was very welcome. I do not in
the least
deserve what you say of me; but I am glad that
you should